THE EMERALD.

SEMPER REFULGET.

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ORIGINAL PAPERS.

FOR THE EMERALD.

THE WANDERER,

No. 75.

FORTITER IN RE.

NOTHING commands more general approbation than decision of character. The inflexibility of mind, which adheres invariably to its own determinations, implies a consciousness of rectitude, which demands respect, and a superiority that resolves to obtain it. While others are involved in doubt and dismay, determining on one pursuit, changing it for a new one, and discarding that in its turn for the next novelty that appears, taking so much time for consideration that none is left for action, drawn aside by every kind of doctrine, and yielding their opinions to every new sentiment that is proposed, there is something impressive and majestic in contrast with the steady perseverance of a character, whose energy and decision has kept his vessel steady on the tide of life, without danger from the little streams that forever are disturbing the current. A resolute and decisive adherence to plans once formed, and a practical disregard for the obstacles which unexpectedly of intervene, has an appearance courage that draws away the mind from considering the object that is pursued, to the manner that is taken to gain it; and often inspires a wish for success to the undertaker, who perhaps has no other merit to rely on, than his resolution to obtain it.

Decision of character has been the source of every noble experiment, of every splendid atchievement which has surprised and delighted us. The unsteady and wavering mind is always assailed with difficulties that may divert it from its purpose. Every human event is of problematical result, and doubts and obscurity overhang every future enterprise; these increase in proportion to the value of the object to be gained, and he who would stand above the crowd either as to fortune or to fame, must arm his mind with resolution to encounter as well the assaults of those, who manfully oppose to him a hostile front, as those who more insidiously attempt to defeat his purpose by destroying his resolution; who suggest difficulties that will never exist, and alarm him with dangers that will never be encountered.

Wherever there is any thing to be gained there is something to be hazarded, and it is only resolution that can annihilate danger. A man may sleep along in the lethargy of ease without any thing to call forth his resolution; he may enjoy his security and contentment, but will have no claims to greatness; while he lives he will be classed among the *fruges consumere nati* and the

Hic ille jacet be the only epitaph for his tomb-stone. But there is a dignity and force in a decisive and persevering character, which defeats small attacks by contempt and great opposition by firmness, that collects its own powers for exertion with irresistible force, and is drawn from its purposes by no terror of the consequences, by no tediousness of delay, or uncertainty of event; pleasure never seduces it from duty, and fear never causes it to yield.

There are moments in the life of almost every individual when the firmness of his mind will determine his character and his fortune. When the line of his duty is plainly in his view, but temptation assails him in every variety of shape, when however he can stand collected in his own integrity, and like the antient *Pugulus* defy the assaults that are made alike upon his pride as a man, his feelings as a father, his patriotism as a citizen. We bow almost in adoration of this noble evidence of that spirit, which "giveth man inspiration" and are ready in admiration of its powers to cry out with the enraptured Æneas, *O deum certissima proles!*

But the firmness, of which we speak, is very carefully to be distinguished from that pertinacious and opinionative manner, which is alike dishonorable and destructive to those who unfortunately yield to its influence. The first is the result of mature deliberation and established conviction; the last is the hasty ebullition of passion or the unadvised resolution of ignorance—the one rather results from the dulness of the mind than the virtue of the heart, the other is an union of principle and understanding.

The man whose decision is to be respected, the strength of whose character yields to no inducements of pleasure or interest, comes to his determination by slow and cautious steps, he calculates the dangers to which he will be exposed and knows his own ability for the contest; he is able to maintain his resolution with firmness by having adopted it with deliberation; he has therefore seldom occasion to yield, because he has most generally the good fortune to be right and with truth on his side and integrity at his heart may smile at the inducements that are offered to allure him from his purpose.

Such a character was the celebrated founder of the Russian empire. To a mind naturally strong and energetic was added the improvement of study, and the discipline of experience. Fixing his judgment on these foundations, the purposes he raised on them could never be destroyed, and Petersburg stands as a monument of that inflexible firmness which could change the wilderness to a city.

Such a character was the discoverer of America. Forming his own opinion from thorough investigation of the principles of the science upon which he was proceeding, and supported by that hardihood which resulted from a consciousness of the great truth he supported; the immense addition he should make to the very limits of the world he was enabled to withstand the haughty insults of imperious power, the contempt of the ignorant and the ridicule of the interested and even the more mortifying conduct of ingratitude and indigni

But the time would fail to recount the illustrious names whose fortitude and decision have encircled their memories with glory.—Decision of character is ever an ethereal particle in the mass of human clay and will preserve from corruption its slightest connexio

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For the Emerald.

The following story is taken from the page of the grave Nicholas Machivael. To have given the whole verbatim, would have rendered it too voluminous for a weekly paper—a skeleton is therefore preserved. Whatever the Ladies may think of the sentiments, it ought to administer some consolation, that the author could find no solid objections against Matrimony, except amongst Devils, which few Batchelors will allow to be a case parallel with their own.

PLUTO, alarmed at the unusual influx of souls into his dominions, and fearing that his empire would not afford room for many more lodgers, summoned a grand council, consisting of all the dukes, viscounts, marquises, earls and baronets of his realm, to ascertain the cause of the evil, and devise ways and means for its prevention. After having in speech from his throne communicated his gracious intentions, it was secretly suggested by sundry new comers, that matrimony was the cause of their infernal embarkation. A committee was appointed make practical experiment of the th of this fact, and to make rt to his infernal highness accordingly. The chairman of this mmittee, by the name of *Belphe-*, was unanimously appointed to t hazardous office; his secret tructions were, that he should air to earth, take to his bosom a e, and live with her, if possible, en years. At the end of that iod, he was commanded to re- to the place of his last legal lement, and to make affidavit of truth or falsehood of such re- t. All the furniture, tackle and arel necessary to equip him for dangerous a voyage, were to be ayed by bills drawn on the trea- of his infernal majesty, and a ific sum was appropriated for purpose. Now Belphegor was one of the most shrewd and intelligent devils in the whole dominions of Pluto; yet he felt his own incompetency so sensibly, that nothing but the imperial ukase itself, that admitted of no alternative, compelled him to embark.

With a sorrowful heart he enters on his expedition, is allowed a competent number of devils to attend him in the character of servants, and arrives on the shores of Florence, in the capacity of a beau of the first water. Here to avoid suspicion, he conceals his name and quality, passes for a stranger with an ample fortune retired from business, who wishes to enjoy the remainder of his life in pleasure, tranquility and matrimony. His equipage, the splendor of his intellectual and external accomplishments, and above all the fascination of his fortune, captivated the hearts of the Florentine ladies. Many ancient families, who had more nobility than opulence to boast of, displayed their feminine wares to the best advantage, and solicited the custom of the new comer. Belphegor, in the mean time, sensible of the object of his mission, was not hasty in his choice, but after having made a prudent estimate of the probable chance of loss and profit, and finding the balance in his favour, struck up a bargain at last. Honesta was young and of exquisite beauty, the descendant of one of the most ancient families in Florence, whose fortune was found in her personal accomplishments. Pleasure seemed now to await the beck and call of Belphegor, he was fascinated by the novelty of his situation, and she, while the property of her husband remained at her disposal, saw no difference between the addresses of a devil and of a man. In process of time, some little rubs and vexations tried the philosophy of her

husband :—One of the brothers of his fair inamorato was to be sent with a valuable cargo to the Levant, and to try his hand at merchandize *on the credit of Belphegor*. His wife had two sisters, who were about to be united in wedlock, and as nobility without opulence is but a negative kind of a gift, expensive matrimonial establishments were furnished *on the credit of Belphegor*. Another brother deemed it necessary to set up as a goldsmith, which he accordingly did, and the stock was furnished *on the credit of Belphegor*. The feast of Saint John was to be celebrated at Florence with unusual pomp and expense ; Honesta considered it as a pledge of her husband's affection to transcend all the other families in the the splendor of that event, which was done *on the credit of Belphegor*.

It is now requisite to state, that all these were done *on credit*, as the sum allowed from the treasury of Pluto had been long before specifically appropriated ; and that all his future bills were dishonoured. Meanwhile the bankruptcy of the two brothers, and the pressing calls of his creditors, left to the poor devil no alternative, but to mount his horse, and to make an expeditious retreat, which he did while the hounds of law followed in his rear in full cry. He applied in his distress to the cottage of a shrewd and intelligent rustic for protection, informed him of his name, quality and mission, and promised him if he would only secure him from the claws of his creditors, that he would exhaut all his infernal ingenuity in his behalf, which if properly improved would make his fortune splendid and independent. Mateo (for that was the name of his benefactor) accepted of those conditions, and having been employed the whole of the day in the collection of faggots for his chimney, piled them on the body of Belphegor. The pursuing hounds, although as sharp of sight, had not the same exquisite scent as other hounds have, and thus their vigilance was eluded. When the danger was over, Mateo claimed a performance of his promise and Belphegor although a devil had a tang of gratitude in his composition, and immediately informed his benefactor of the project which he had in contemplation to execute. I will, said he, depart forthwith and possess the daughter of some rich nobleman, and will set at defiance the arts of all the conjurors by yourself. At your bidding I will be faithful ; you may then command your own price. Many weeks did not elapse before the ears of Mateo were saluted by the welcome intelligence that one of the richest noblemen in all Florence, had an only daughter possessed by a devil. The report as it gained ground was every hour obtaining confirmation ; it was to no purpose that the Exorcists assembled, exhausted all the mummery of the church of Rome, the devil was inflexible. Mateo at length presented himself to the nobleman as a conjuror, and engaged for the sum of five hundred florins to send the devil packing. The sum was immediately paid, and our self-created conjuror after having equipped himself with a skull, marrow bones and other tools of his occupation, was admitted to an audience with the lady. He whispered in her ear, and conjured Belphegor on the honour of a devil to comply with his promise. Belphegor was faithful to his engagement, and further told his benefactor, that the next object of his infernal address would be the daughter of Charles then king of Naples, that he would stoutly resist all the other conjurors but himself ; but cautioned him

gainst giving him any further trouble after his second victory was obtained. This was done and Mateo, after a douceur of five thousand ducats, had the good fortune to dispossess the royal beauty, after other conjurors had exhausted all their efforts to no purpose. Now arrives the crisis of Mateo's destiny. Belphegor when he was exercised for the last time had told him that as he had formerly done him all the good, he would then do him all the injury in his power.

Poor Mateo now heard with a sorrowful heart, that the daughter of of king Lewis the 7th of France, was possessed of a most obstinate devil. After every experiment had failed, report spoke louder and louder of the Florentine Exorcist, and it was not long before our adventurer received an invitation to Paris. He civilly excused himself; but this only served to render the monarch more importunate in his demands. At length he was arrested by a party of armed horsemen dispatched for that purpose, and brought before the royal presence. In his interview with the lady, he taxed Belphegor with perfidy and ingratitude, reminded him of his former obligations to him, and conjured him civilly to depart. The devil on the other hand raved, stormed, swore he would not "budge an inch," and told Mateo, that he had laid this plot for the purpose of bringing him to the gallows. Mateo then cast himself at the feet of the monarch, implored his mercy, informed him that the devil exceeded the power of his art, that there were many such as all his brother conjurors could testify. The French king not believing in the conjuror's system of Diabology, was irritated beyond all bounds and told the prostrate suppliant, that if he did not dispossess his daughter, his head should be the forfeiture. Mateo thinking with propriety, that his head was more valuable on his own shoulders than off, was resolved to use all lawful means to preserve its original value. He bethought himself of every expedient to circumvent Belphegor and adopted the following. He caused a magnificent platform to be erected in the palace yard, on which the afflicted lady was seated, and took his station by her side. A spectacle so novel attracted the attention of all ranks, the royal family and all of subordinate station down to the lowest mechanic, environed the platform with their presence. At a concerted signal a loud & tremendous burst of discordant sounds issued from drums, trumpets, fifes, kettle drums, &c. which rent the air, and almost deafened the ears of the agitated devil. He enquired of Mateo, the cause, who with the tears rolling down his hypocritical cheeks informed him, that this announced the approach of his wife. My wife! exclaimed Belphegor—and immediately fled to his old place of residence. The report that he made is submitted to the sagacity of the reader to find out.

For the Emerald.

THE LAW OF HONOUR.

[*In the 11th No. of our first volume we gave an account of the climate and situation of the Fashionable World, from a pleasant little publication af successful irony, which had in a short time run through five editions in England. The succeeding account of the law, which governs in this kingdom of fashion, from the same work, is neatly and very pointedly written, and is a fine specimen of a manner of writing peculiarly proper for such kind of satire.*]

THE laws by which the government of Fashion is administered, like the common law of England, are unwritten; and derive their force, as that does, from usage and prescription. The only code

of any note among this people, is that which they distinguish by the collective appellation of the LAW OF HONOUR. This extraordinary code has been defined to be "a system of rules constructed by people of Fashion, and calculated to facilitate their intercourse with one another." Now if this definition be a just one (and I presume it is, from the high authority by which it is given,) it will afford us no indifferent help towards unfolding the mysteries of Fashionable jurisprudence.

It seems then that the *Law of Honour*, by which people of Fashion are said to be governed, is wholly and exclusively designed to make them acceptable to each other. Now, not to mention other things, persons in a Fashionable sphere cannot be strictly agreeable to each other, unless they are well dressed; nor can that intercourse which they chiefly value, be pleasantly maintained, without splendid equipages, choice wines, and sumptuous entertainments. As, therefore, the necessity of the case requires such accommodations, the *Law of Honour*, to say the least, does not look very nicely into the means by which they may have been procured. Hence it follows by the fairest inference, that a man of Fashion is not at all the less respectable in his own circle, merely because he is what the rest of the world calls unjust. For whatever may be the law elsewhere, a man of Fashion can owe nothing to his inferiors: and his character will therefore suffer no stain, though he should have broken his word a thousand times with the reptile that made his cloaths, built his carriage, or furnished his tsble.

This law is also distinguished by many other features of toleration, which well account for the respect and influence that it possesses in the Fashionable World. By a spirit of accommodation of which there is no other example, it overlooks, if it does not even encourage, a variety of actions which in the mouth of a moralist would be absolute vices; and which, to say the truth, are scarcely deserving of a much better name. Thus, a man may debauch his tenant's daughter, seduce the wife of his friend, and be faithless and even brutal to his own, and yet be esteemed a man of honour (which is the same as a man of Fashion,) and have a right to make any man fight him who says he is not. In like manner, a man may blaspheme God, and encourage his children and servants to do the same; he may neglect the interests and squander the property of his family; he may be a tyrant in his house, and a bully in the streets; he may lie abed all day, and drink and game all night; and yet be a most dutiful subject to the *Law of Honour*, and a shining character in the society of Fashion.

There is, I own, much convenience in all this, and some consistency. Persons who live only for this world, should have a proportionable latitude allowed them for the employment of their animal propensities; and the law which provides for the regulation of their conduct, should have a special reference to this consideration. Supposing, therefore, that people of Fashion ought to exist, they must have such a law as that which they possess. So that, taking the law of honour in this connexion, I cannot but think it a masterpiece of political contrivance.

Having specified the sort of practice which the *Law of Honour* allows, I shall take some brief notice of the duties which it exacts. The principal of these, and that upon which its tone and spirit are most peremptory, is the *resentment of injuries*. Now it must be observed, that the term *injury*, in the use of people of Fashion, is of a very wide and comprehensive signification. It not only means such an act of outrage as amounts to a manifest and palpable wrong, but extends to every dubious point of conduct from which a Fashionable sophist could find scope to infer an injurious intention. Thus a sister seduced and then abandoned, and a word or a look not satisfactorily explained, are all equally injuries; and constitute, in the spirit of this code, so many obligations to the most lively and implacable resentment. It may be that the offended person is of a placable disposition, and would rather endure a moderate injury than seek revenge; or he may have too much respect for the laws of the parent state to wish to seek redress in any other than the legal way; or he may know that the offending party is a man disposed to seek a quarrel, and that he desires nothing so much as to provoke the innocent person who he has purposely insulted, to claim satisfaction; or lastly, it may be that the supposed injury is founded wholly

mistake, and that the reputed aggressor will not believe nor own himself to have offended, and will therefore make no atonement. In all these cases personal resentment might as well be waved; but this the law of honour positively forbids:- and he who should conscientiously decline to pursue a personal quarrel upon these or even higher motives, might be a better father, a better husband, a better subject, and a better Christian, for so doing, but he would certainly be a worse man of honour.

It is worthy of remark, that these reputed injuries are sometimes so minute and transitory, or so distant and obscure that if every thing depended upon the aggressor and the aggrieved, they would either be wholly undiscovered or speedily forgotten. But each of these consequences is not unfrequently defeated by the officious industry of some kindhearted being, who loves his friend too well to let him be insulted, and who can govern his feelings well enough to stand by and see him murdered. This is, certainly, a refinement upon friendship, which may be fairly set down among the most extraordinary achievements of the *Law of Honour*. Indeed, this bloody code allows of no exceptions; and hence we see reputed friends sacrifice to resentment with as little reserve as the bitterest enemies; and that, perhaps, to settle a coffee-house dispute, or to avenge a theatrical quarrel!

Having said so much of the principal duty enjoined by the law of honour, I shall offer a few observations upon the sort of punishment which it inflicts. I trust I shall be excused, if, in treating this part of my subject, I employ the term *punishment* in a sense not strictly similar to that in which it is ordinarily used. The fact is, that this singular law makes the parties both judges in their own cause, and executioners of their own sentence. The universal award against every convicted offender is, that he shall fight a duel with the offended party. So that if that may be set down as punishment which is ultimate in a controversy, and which is exacted as a satisfaction of the law; death, or exposure to it, is the lowest punishment which honour inflicts upon the least offender, and the highest which it enforces upon the greatest.

And this is, I confess, a political incongruity which I have not a little difficulty in reconciling with the good sense of many who have undertaken to defend it. The law of England has often been blamed (and I think with justice) as unreasonably sanguinary. In answer to this it has been said, that though nearly two hundred offences of almost as many degrees of guilt are made equally punishable with death, yet justice is administered with so much discretion and mercy, that the penalty is inflicted only on a few. Feeble as this excuse is for a law which deals in blood, it would be well for the law of honour if it admitted of such a palliation. But the truth is, that in this latter case there is nothing to abate the demand for blood—there is no legal arbitration of the difference, no court to inquire into the true grounds of the quarrel, and to balance the merits of the controversy; if the judgment be false, there is no equity to reverse the verdict; if rigorous, there is no mercy to withdraw the victim from suffering.

It must be evident from this view which has been presented of the law, that as an injury may be created by the most trivial occurrence, so punishment may be inflicted with the most preposterous and unequal retribution.

The inequality of the retribution is, indeed, an inevitable consequence of that article of the code which compels men of Fashion, without distinction, to decide their differences by fighting a duel. It results from this promiscuous injunction, that the peaceable man must fight the quarrelsome; that the heir of a noble family must meet the ruined esquire; and that the man who has never drawn a trigger in his life must encounter the Fashionable ruffian who has all his life been doing little else. This inequality is further manifest, from the different circumstances and connexions of life under which the combatants may be found. The son of many hopes may be matched against the worthless prodigal; the virtuous parent against the unprincipled seducer; and the man of industry, usefulness and beneficence, against the miscreant who only lives to pamper his lusts and to corrupt his fellow-creatures. Nothing has here been said of the indiscriminate manner in which judgment is executed. The innocent and the guilty must both be involved in the same awful contingency; each must put his life to hazard; and the probability is, that if one of the

two should fall, it will be the man whose conduct least intitled him to punishment, and whose life was most worth preserving.

For the Emerald.

DESULTORY SELECTIONS,

AND ORIGINAL REMARKS.

The poet's *Dulce est desipere in loco* has been among those of his rules that meet most general approbation. In fact many have improved upon his recommendation by forgetting the *in loco* entirely. The following will therefore be assented to by those who delight in the negligence of genius.—

Plurima dum mecum reputo, dum plurima scribo
Nil epigrammatico more referre queam!
Dulce est desipere et fateor simul utile mecum
Nam dum nil reputo, quod cupii perago
—Quid doctrina juvat? Sapiens heu! deflet & errat
Gaudiat nil remorans, Musa per omne ruat [maneto
Ah! multum valeat doctrina et Musa
Dat doctrina dolos, dat mihi Musa jocos.

WOMEN.

A late writer on the condition and influence of women in society, closes his preface with this sentence, which may be considered as one of the best in his book—

I shall pity the calm frigidity of some that can read without interest this essay on the history of a sex adored by youth, esteemed by mature age, and respected and cherished by the old, with a hope that it will afford a charm and consolation to his last moments.

A SENTIMENT.

To whatever system of morality the genius and learning of the antients have given rise, and to the beauties of their style or the elegance of their language we would venture to oppose the following impressive sentiment, from the last verse of the first chapter of the general epistle of James; a verse which for beauty of diction, for tenderness of precept, and force of morality, must be dear alike to virtue and to taste.—

Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this, To visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world.

The language which Tacitus puts into a letter of Tiberius to the Roman Senate, has been admired as a beautiful instance of rhetorical art and evincing the remarkable powers of the historian in the elegance and correctness of his composition, and in the force by which his characters are distinguished. But the words may be used with equal elegance and without metaphor, by our literary journalists, who are obliged almost without means and often without inclination to supply the daily columns of the newspaper.

Quid scribam, P. S. aut quomodo scribam, aut quid omnino non scribam hoc tempore—Dii me deæque pejus perdant quam perdre quotidie sentio si scio.

DANGER.

In one of our late numbers we gave the description of danger, elegantly drawn by the genius of Dermody;—it may be pleasant to compare it with the same scene by Collins, in the following lines from his Ode to Fear.

Danger whose limbs of giant mould
What mortal eye can fix'd behold?
Who stalks his round, a hideous form
Howling amidst the midnight storm,
Or throws him on the ridgy steep
Of some loose hanging rock to sleep.

DESPOTISM.

The miseries of a tyrannical and oppressive government are thus

forcibly stated in an account of the Turks.—

Their fortune is obtained merely by the favour of the great who have been advanced in the same manner. It is merely personal which avidity accumulates and terror conceals, which luxury dissipates and opportunity renews; the uncertainty of their situation increases their haste to acquire and to dissipate.

INSCRIPTIVE WRITING.

To commemorate a deceased or absent friend, to express the sensation and moral effect resulting from the contemplation of beautiful scenery, to perpetuate the remembrance of some remarkable event, or inscribe the temple and the statue with some appropriate address, appear the chief purposes of Inscription. It is evident that no species of composition, when well written, can better answer the wishes of the friends to virtue than this, and almost every polished nation has made use of it to impress the feeling mind and excite it to emulation.

The little piece we are about to quote, seems to be a model for one species of inscriptive writing; in delineation it is beautiful; in moral exquisite.

FOR A TABLET ON THE BANKS OF A STREAM.

Stranger, awhile upon this mossy bank
Recline thee. If the sun ride high, the breeze
That loves to ripple o'er the rivulet
Will play around thy brow; and the cool sound
Of running waters soothe thee.—Mark how clear
It sparkles o'er the shallows, and behold
Where o'er its surface wheels with restless speed
Yon glossy insect, on the sand below
How the swift shadow flies. The stream is pure
In solitude, and many a healthful herb
Bends o'er its course and drinks the vital wave.
But passing on amid the haunts of man
It finds pollution there, and rolls from thence
A tainted tide. Seek'st thou for HAPPINESS
Go, stranger, sojourn in the woodland cot
Of INNOCENCE, and thou shalt find it there. *Southey.*

The inscription on a statue erected to Louis XV. in Bourdeaux, as mentioned by Wraxall, has something so pathetic and simple, not designed to dazzle, but addressed to the heart, that it deserves to be classed with the foregoing.—

Ludovico quindecimo
Sœpe victori, semper pacificatori
Suos omnes quam late regnum patet
Paterno pectore gerenti
Suorum in animis penitus habitanti.

There is nothing interesting in the concerns of men, whom we love and honour, that is beneath our attention—"Love," says one of our old poets, "esteems no office mean;" and with still more spirit, "entire affection scorneth nicer hands."

AMBITION.

The same sun which gilds all nature, and exhilarates the whole creation, does not shine upon disappointed ambition. It is something that rays out of darkness, and inspires nothing but gloom and melancholy. Men in this deplorable state of mind, find a comfort in spreading the contagion of their spleen. They find an advantage too; for it is a general popular error to imagine the loudest complainers for the public to the most anxious for its welfare. If such persons can answer the ends of relief and profit to themselves, they are apt to be careless enough about either the means or the consequences.

EMERALD NOTICES.

Boylston's Prize Questions.—From the fund established by W. N. Boylston, Esq. for rewarding the exertions of medical students, a gold medal of the value of $ 33 or that amount in money, has been offered for the best dissertation

1st. For the Dissertation on the structure and physiology of the skin, with a view to the diagnosticks and cure of diseases usually denominated cutaneous.

2d. For the best Dissertation on the causes, diagnosticks and cure of Biliary Concretions.

3d. For the best Dissertation on the diagnosticks of schirrous and cancerous Tumors, with the comparative advantages of extirpation by the knife and by caustick.

Harvard College.—A very unfortunate disagreement has taken place between the governors and students of Harvard College. It appears that the students agreed to leave the hall at commons time in a body, in consequence of the badness of the provisions ; and in pursuance of that combination left the hall contrary to the rules of the College.—The corporation thereupon drafted a paper expressing the regret of the students for this measure, and directed them to sign it before the 11th inst.—Ninety-four students refused to sign it, and have been dismissed from the university. The students are extremely discontented with the proceedings, and many have voluntarily dissolved their connexions with the College. We sincerely hope some effectual measure may be taken to reconcile this difference, consistent with a proper respect for the feelings of the young men, and a due regard for the dignity of the laws.

We return our thanks to ELIZA for her useful suggestion. With Llain we would say to her

THE HARP is as a friend to me—
I sing to it the songs which Hoel loved
And Hoel's own sweet lays ; it comforts me
And gives me joy in grief.

T. X. has a "right to be noticed"—but not in the Emerald.

Whatever a LADY presents to us, is entitled to respect. We trust she has not had frequent cause to complain of us in the particular to which she alludes. We would not wish

To lure the popular ear with gibing tales
Or sacrifice the modesty of song
To make the vulgar sport and win their shout.

We desire as the standard of our intentions, to take the language of a venerable poet—

Be thou my herald, Nature—*Let me live*
The sacred few—Let my remembrance please
Embosom'd by the virtuous and wise.
Make me, O Heaven, by those who love thee, lov'd ;
So when the widows' and the children's tears
Shall sprinkle the cold dust in which I sleep
Pompless, and from the world withdrawn,
The laurel, which its malice rent, shall shoot,
So water'd, into life, and mantling throw
Its verdant honours o'er my grassy tomb.

There is a difference between satire, and abuse ; let CRITO learn it, and we will accept his communications.

ALPHONSO is not contented with neglect ; we must inform him in plain English that he has no taste for poetry.

We have frequent inquiries for the poetry of *R.* ***—Will not the influence of spring give industry to his muse. Solvitur acris hyems grata vice veris & Favoni.

The Muse of PHAON is too rich to be obscure. Will he permit the Emerald to introduce her into company ?

We received a note from the ORDEAL, desiring that the number which would otherwise have been published this evening, may be deferred till our next paper.

Our friend at Ryegate, to whom we were recently indebted for a list of subscribers to the Emerald, will please to accept our thanks ; they are due likewise to many other gentlemen, in various parts of the United States, from whom we have received similar favours ; at the same time we respectfully solicit a continuance of their exertions.

POETRY.

FOR THE EMERALD

[*There is sometimes a melancholy satisfaction in the contemplation of distress which we had no hand in creating, and are unable to remove. The maniac is one among those objects, at the same time most painful to a mind of sensibility, and interesting by the magnitude of its misfortune. To see the wreck of genius and the destruction of mind while the body still retains a kind of vegetable existence is a spectacle more awful than than the venerable ruins of Rome or Palmyra. It was by a heart capable of such sentiments that the following lines were conceived.*]

THE MANIAC.

As I stray'd o'er a common on Cork's rugged border,
While the dew-drops of morn the sweet promise array'd,
I saw a poor female, whose mental disorder
Her quick glancing eye and wild aspect betray'd ;
On the sward she reclin'd, by the green fern surrounded,
At her side her speckled daisies and crow-flowers abounded ;
To the inmost recess her poor heart had been wounded,
Her sighs were unceasing, 'twas Mary le More.

Her charms by the keen blasts of sorrow were faded ;
Yet the soft tinge of beauty still play'd on her cheek ;
Her tresses a wreath of pale primroses braided,
And strings of fresh daisies hung loose on her neck ;
While with pity I gaz'd she exclaim'd
" Oh ! my mother !
" See the blood on that lash, 'tis the blood of my brother ;
" They have torn his poor flesh, and they now strip another ;
" 'Tis Connor, the friend of poor Mary le More !"

" Tho' his locks are as white as the foam of the ocean,
" Those soldiers shall find that my father is brave ;
" My father !" she cry'd with the wildest emotion,
" Ah ! no my poor father now sleeps in the grave ;
" They have toll'd his death-bell, they've laid the turf o'er him ;
" His white locks were bloody, no aid can restore him ;
" He is gone ! He is gone ! and the good will deplore him,
" When the blue wave of Erin hides Mary le More."

A lark, from the gold-blossom'd furze that grew near her, [his lay ;
Now rose, and with energy caroll'd
" Hush ! hush !" she continued, "the trumpet sounds clearer ;
" The horsemen approach ; Erin's daughters, away !"
Ah ! Britons, 'twas foul while the cabin was burning,
And o'er her pale father a wretch had been mourning !
Go hide with the sea-mew, ye maids, and take warning,
Those ruffians have ruin'd poor Mary le More.

" Away ! bring the ointment ! Oh ! God ! see those gashes !
" Alas ! my poor brother, come dry the big tear ;
" Anon we'll have vengeance for those dreadful lashes,
" Already the screech-owls and ravens appear ;
" By day the green grave, that lies under the willow,
" With wild flowers I'll strew, and by night make my pillow,
" Till the ooze and dark sea-weed, beneath the curl'd billow,
" Shall furnish a death-bed for Mary le More."

Thus rav'd the poor Maniac in tones more heart-rending [ear,
Than Sanity's voice ever pour'd on my
When, lo ! on the waste, and their march to'ards her bending,
A troop of fierce cavalry chanced to appear
" Oh ! the fiends !" she exclaim'd, and with wild horror started,
Then thro' the tall fern, loudly screaming, she darted ;
With an overcharg'd bosom, I slowly departed,
And sigh'd for the wrongs of poor Mary le More.

For the Emerald.

TO THE MEMORY OF A FRIEND.

'Twas when the moon relieved the
shades of night,
And on the silent scene of death be-
stow'd
Her silver beam, diffusing pallid light;
With trembling steps, the solemn spot
I trod.

At length the dreary mansion I des-
cry'd,
To which, my friend regretted was con-
sign'd:
Who bloom'd some fleeting years be-
low, and di'd,
In dissolution's final pangs—resign'd.

On the soft pinions of the summer gale,
That thro' the air, refreshing fragrance
blows,
Perhaps his spirit flies along the vale;
Or slumbers on the bosom of the rose.
Thro' fields of ether, haply, now it roves
Or courts the shades of amaranthine
bowr's
Or having stray'd thro' aromatic groves
It pants, on some delightful bed of
flowr's.

No—sportive muse!—It soar'd beyond
the tomb,
On some bright angels wing far borne
away,
It fled from hence in manhood's rip'ning
bloom
To blissful regions of celestial day.

Long shall reflection dwell in thought-
ful mood,
On thy meek virtues and ingenuous
truth;
Whilst beauty pours the sympathetic
flood
Struck by thy early doom—lamented
youth!

Yet what avail the dirge—the mournful
lay,
The sable garb, the melancholy gloom,
Can these recal thee from the realms
of day,
Or wake thy lifeless clay within the
tomb?

Those placid manners, and that soul
serene, [blithe
Thy magic converse, and thy humour
Delight no more amidst the social
scene,
Nor steal from ling'ring Time his lazy
scythe.

Come ye who hold him, in remembrance
dear,
O come, who long his early fate shall
mourn,
With all that's fragrant—ev'ry flow'ret
fair,
And ev'ry bloom of spring his grave
adorn.

Farewell, sweet youth, no more shall I
behold
That manly form, now cold in death's
embrace;
Yet hope with lifted eye, sees Heav'n
unfold
To thee—the domes of everlasting
peace. THEODORE.

Feb. 1807.

SONNET.

I shrink not, trembling, for the pelt-
ing rain [ter'd head
That beats so hard on my unshel-
Nor hear appall'd, uplifted from its
bed, [main
The roar tremendous of the distan
The vivid lightning, glancing o'er the
plain [dread
With awe-inspiring glare, I do no
Nor all the horrors now around me
spread pain
Give to my aching breast one moment's
Because that here, defenceless, I'm ex
pos'd, [night
Alone, to brave this dark and storm
Patient, I'd waited the returning
light, [clos'd
And with the morning all my woes ha
But, ah! nor light, nor morn shall en
my cares,— [bears
Far hence, a brittle bark my Ann

A RIDDLE,

Addressed to the Ladies.

Lovely, gay, fantastic creature,
Source of every joy and pain,
Fair, imperfect, work of nature,
Tender, credulous, and vain;

False, subtle, changing with the hou
Pleas'd, displeas'd, uncertain wh
Pleasure's votary, slave of pow'r,
Flatt'ry's victim,—what am I?

PETRUCHIO.

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